

## HIKE TO BATTLE TO THE TUNE OF DOUGHBOY'S HYMN

In Sleet, Along Icy Roads,  
Amex Regiment Goes  
"Up There"

COVERS 16 MILES IN A DAY

Unit Long Trained in France Shows  
Itself Eager and Fit for  
First Lines

FRENCH FOLK BID GODSPEED

Single Sombre Happening of the  
Day the Sudden Suicide of  
a Private

By LINCOLN EYRE  
Correspondent of the New York World With  
the American Army in France

In Paris not long ago I saw a film depicting a regiment of infantry marching down Fifth Avenue on its way to a training camp. Flags were flying, bands were playing, crowds were cheering, and the sun was shining.

A few days later I saw a regiment of infantry marching down a country road in France on its way to the front. No film was made of this march, nor were flags flying, bands playing, crowds cheering or the sun shining.

Yet the spectacle shown on the screen, with all its colorful drama and pathos, was simply New York's farewell to a few of the tens of thousands of soldiers she has given her country, while the event I witnessed out here is a momentous chapter in American history. For the regiment wending its way thus drably toward the battlefield was the advance guard of great armies to come. It will be known for all time as the first United States Infantry to share with the soldiers of France and Britain the mighty task of safeguarding civilization. Today it is in the trenches, still making history in the grimy prosaic fashion in which modern history is made.

This regiment, one of the first to arrive in France, had been billeted in a village which to give it a name of honor would be reported "I'll call Mudville. In and about Mudville it spent the summer, learning all the French can teach about up-to-date warfare. Toward the end of October it went to finishing school in the trenches, sandwiched in among French troops. There, after the stipulated period of front-line instruction, it returned to Mudville, there to remain in a state of feverish expectancy, until along about the first of the year.

Teeth and Feet Important

Then things began to move fast. Bulky automobiles containing bulky generals with critical eyes stopped at regimental headquarters almost daily. New officers took the places of the old ones not quite big enough for their jobs. Companies were brought up to full strength by drafts from the replacement division, and the regiment's "veterans" were expected to show these new men what was what. Brigade and division maneuvers on an imposing scale were carried out with increasing frequency. Kits were inspected with closest attention to every detail, new uniforms and equipment were doled out liberally, and teeth and feet became matters of keen curiosity to officers.

Finally, toward the middle of January, the news was noised about that the day was close at hand. In the words of one doughboy reported to me by the brigade commander by whom they were overheard, "We're about ready to leave off teaching officers and begin fighting them blanket blank bushes." The business of packing up followed. Bayonets were sharpened with gleeful zeal, fond farewells exchanged with the "petties amies" of Mudville, and local shops and candy stores were emptied of all the candy and other luxuries they contained.

Not until the night before did orders from the brigade commander stating the day and hour of departure and the route to be taken reach the colonel. The battalion and company commanders had put everything in readiness for the like, however, and there was no delay in carrying out instructions. Promptly at 7:30 a. m. the regiment was drawn up in company formation in the company streets, and just half an hour later, following a brief final inspection by the C.O., it got under way. Then there began the march.

"Local Pride" in the Boys  
I stood where the main highway debouched northward from the village square and watched them go by. The temperature was four degrees below freezing, a piercing wind was blowing, a chill rain was falling, and every inch of the road was coated with ice, hard to stand upright on and harder still when you fell on it. A Mudville patriotic song nearby. I asked him what he thought of "les Américains."

"They have become real soldiers, these big boys," he observed. "One couldn't have found a worse day for this business in the last twenty-five years, yet they make nothing of it." The old Frenchman's pride in the regiment he had come to know so well led him to exaggerate a bit. The doughboys did not "make nothing" of the weather; in fact, they made considerable of it in the cussing line. The bearded mariner, the passenger in the snowbound train, the man caught in the rain with a new silk hat on could all take lessons from the science of swearing at the weather. But the hike had to be made, and so on, after the regimental repertoire of derogatory epithets—a long and comprehensive one—had been run through a few times, abuse of the elements gave way to philosophical endurance.

It was a wonderful hike. Have you ever marched ten or fifteen miles with a sixty-pound pack on your back and a rifle over your shoulder even under the best of weather conditions? If so, maybe

## JUST THINKING

By HUDSON HAWLEY  
Standin' up here on the first step,  
Lookin' ahead in the mist,  
With a tin hat over your ivory  
And a rifle clutched in your fist;  
Waitin' and watchin', and wonderin'  
If the Hun's comin' over tonight—  
Say, aren't the things you think of  
Enough to give you a fright?

Things you ain't even thought of  
For a couple of months or more;  
Things that 'ull set you laughin',  
Things that 'ull make you sore;  
Things that you saw in the movies,  
Things that you saw on the street,  
Things that you're really proud of,  
Things that are—not so sweet.

Debts that are past collectin',  
Stories you hear and forget,  
Ball games and birthday parties,  
Hours of drill in the wet;  
Headlines, recruitin' posters,  
Sunsets 'way out at sea,  
Evenings of pay days—golly—  
It's a queer thing, this memory!

Faces of pals in Homeburg,  
Voices of women folk,  
Verses you learnt in school days  
Pop up in the mist and smoke.  
As you stand there, grappin' that rifle,  
Astarin', and chilled to the bone,  
Wonderin' and wonderin' and wonderin'  
Just thinkin' there—all alone!

When will the war be over?  
When will the gang break through?  
What will the U. S. look like?  
What will there be to do?  
Where will the Boches be then?  
Who will have married Nell?  
When's that relief comin' up?  
Gosh! But this thinkin' hell!

## THE TUSCANIA

The traditions of America's fighting forces are enriched and ennobled by the story of how those men trapped aboard the Tuscania, with peril facing them on every side, calmly lined up at attention and sang—that their British companions might sing with them—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee." They proved themselves the equals in every sense of the Birkenhead's crew, and of the men who, doggedly retreating under a withering fire at Mons while fighting for their King, still had the heart and spirit to sing out their prayer to—

"Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious"

They proved themselves the spiritual heirs of "Don't give up the ship" Lawrence, and of "Damn the torpedoes" Farragut, unafraid to die. They faced the stars together with the silence commensurate with the silence of grumbling, and the honor accorded them for the way they laid down their lives should be no less than that accorded to their comrades who fall in actual combat with the enemy on the field of battle.

We can guess how this long predicted blow at our transport service must have shocked the good people at home; but we know how it must have rallied them and heartened them to learn with what fortitude, with what coolness the blow was met by the men who were the victims of it. For our own part, we know how we feel about it—and what sort of measures we will take to avenge it. The challenge of the Hun will be speedily answered. The men of the Tuscania's gallant company may rest assured of that.

After ten months' uninterrupted passage of troops from America to Europe, a German submarine succeeded in making a successful attack; and, the success, from the purely German point of view, is at best somewhat doubtful. Where the United States command had counted on sinking an entire convoy, they succeeded only in bringing down one of the flotilla—and, at last reports probably lost the very submarine which fired the torpedo. Even in sinking that one ship, the Germans did not send many of its complement to death in the heavy sea. Had all on board perished, the toll of the disaster would have been 2,400; as it is, the death roll of Americans contains but 113 names.

To discipline and courage, but above all, to discipline, the 2,288 survivors of the disaster—for it was a disaster, and must in no sense be regarded as unpreventable—owe their lives and their consequent opportunity for future service. They are well provided with their own obedience to the ship's regulations, on their self-attained proficiency in boat drills, on their natural American hardihood and resourcefulness. If ever men have learned the value of discipline, of strict obedience, of coolheaded following out of plans, those men have learned it. A costly and a terrible lesson it was, and therefore one well worth heeding. Discipline, first of all, is meant to save lives—the survivors of the Tuscania afford a striking example of its efficiency in combating the devices of the Hun.

Just what has Germany gained? She arrayed the sentiment of the entire civilized world against her when she sank the Lusitania and sent American women and children to a watery grave. She brought the vast power and unlimited resources of the United States into the war on the side of her enemies when she sank the Laconia, a bare year ago. By the sinking of the Tuscania she has made more indomitable than ever before the will of the American Army and Navy and the will of the great people behind them, to rest not an instant until the struggle against German tyranny, against Germany's unclean methods of war-making, against Germany's inordinate ambition is concluded with a clinching victory for the Right.

"BUSHES" THEY ARE, THEN  
"Boches" Doesn't Lend Itself to  
Amex Pronunciation  
They may be "Boches" to the French and the British, but the Huns across in the German trenches will never be anything but "Bushes" to Uncle Sam's doughboys.

It was too hard to get the proper pronunciation of Boches. The doughboys tried it with a long "o" and with a short "o." Then they gave it up. "Get one of them Bushes for yourself and two for me," shouted a doughboy who had been left behind to a comrade departing for the trenches. So "Bushes" stuck.

## AMERICA DROPS POLITICAL GAME TO WIN THE WAR

New Public Spirit Insists  
On Big Constructive  
Work

WAR MACHINE RUNS WELL

Governments Railroad and Finance  
Measures Meeting Little  
Opposition

HOUSING PROBLEM TO FORE

Freight Congestion Drastically  
Relieved by Milder Weather and  
Enforced Holidays

By J. W. MULLER  
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS  
AND STRIPES

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The dominant thought suggested by the events and discussions of the past week is that, without minimizing the difficulties encountered during the vast efforts of the past months to erect a huge national machine for war, the American talent and genius for constructiveness begins clearly to display itself.

Even in the emergency legislation this constructive idea appears clearly. Thus, the congressional discussion of the conduct of the war shows a real striving for a full understanding of the problems involved and an efficient solution. The public is displaying remarkably good sense of political values. Politics is decidedly secondary to a sweeping national desire for a true soundness and constructiveness that shall make enduring the governmental edifice. My belief is that the whole national situation, materially and spiritually, is extremely encouraging and gratifying.

War Machine Shaking Down  
The indications are accumulating that the whole big machine, governmental and individual, is shaking down to a solid working basis, and that the nation's huge efforts are shaping gradually for a sound future as well as for the present vital war purposes.

Significant of this is the full page newspaper advertising campaign paid for by big business organizations, railroads, industries, and banks, for the purposes of educating the public to conserve life, limb, and health, and to avoid carelessness. There is also contemplated a moving picture campaign on "Safety First."

Discussion of the Government's railroad control bill shows the same desire for big, constructive work. Hardly any attempt is being made to inject the question of Government ownership into the present problem. The Government ownership advocates presumably could muster formidable support, but public opinion evidently favors a strictly practical test of the whole subject by means of the present form of control.

A Vast Experiment  
Practically the only issue in the bill now before Congress is the time of return of the railroads to private ownership. The difference of opinion is as to their return at a fixed date immediately after the war, or an indefinite continuation of governmental control for an unstated reasonable period. There is no doubt that no better method could have been devised, even in time of peace, to study the whole railroad problem and discover a sound solution than by this vast experiment.

It appears obvious that American railroad management will never be the same again as before the war. I believe that under any circumstances the result will be the creation of the railroads and all other transportation agencies into a magnificent peace machinery for constructive, marketing, producing, transporting, marketing, and financing.

The war finance corporation bill arouses astonishingly little opposition or even discussion, despite the fact that it directly curbs and hits America's old friend, "High Finance." "High Finance" has not turned angel and probability is as good as dead. It has rightly been styled the most difficult to gain of all the decorations in the world, and the man who receives that emblem, inscribed with the word "valor," must have proved himself valorous indeed.

Such decorations as the President may authorize will not interfere in any way with the award of the Congressional medal, which presumably will be granted in the same way as heretofore. All future decorations will be in addition to the service badges and other insignia—as for border, Philippine, Porto Rican, Cuban, and Boxer service—which have already been authorized.

By authority of the President, a service badge with ribbon, to be known as

Freight Block Broken  
The splendid improvement in the weather has greatly aided in the solution of the freight problem. The weather has been excellent in the East during the whole of the past week, and fairly good throughout the country at large. Freight congestion has undoubtedly been drastically relieved, and perhaps broken. The present three hot days, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, are giving the country a fine opportunity to rush freights through. We can now face any anticipated bad weather in the future with comparative fearlessness. The fuel suspension order and other

## "A PICTURE WITHOUT A TITLE"



What do you call him?  
Sammy? Say not so. He'd been you proper if you tried it! Yank? Hardly the name for a lad who may be one of the native sons of sunnyside California.

Jack? The flatfoot out on the battlefields took that name long ago, about the time they began wearing a skirt on each leg. Buddy? Uh-hum; you hear it a good deal, but there are those who don't like it. Bill? Hell! That's this fool Kaiser's monicker. Nix on Bill!

Jim? No, Charlie? Hardly; there were two Charlies running a couple of years ago and they both got licked. Woody? Sh, man, mind your manners! Joe? He's neither old nor black in the picture. Bert? Oh, we give it up. Try, please everybody is just as impossible in the name-choosing business as it is in the newspaper game.

Just the same though, he really ought to have a name. He has a home and a country and everything else; the only thing he lacks is a name. He's had his baptism of fire, but he was too busy then to pick out any handle for himself. He's either a doughboy or a leatherneck,

to be sure; but those are trade names. The fact remains that he hasn't yet got a real, all around, catch-as-catch-can title of his own.

"Call him just a plain American," you say? All right for ceremonial purposes, but not handy for slapping on in a hurry. "Amex"? Sounds like a brand of flour; so you're right where started out on "doughboy." Besides, you can't waste a floury nickname on him with Mr. Hoover carrying on the way he is—and you take your life in your hands if you give him a flowery one.

Really, as Mrs. Nero said to Mr. Nero while Rome was burning, something must be done about it. Our subject is too good a product to go unnamed, and a lot more of him—and still people don't know what to call him. The French taking him all in a bunch, started "nos amis," meaning "our friends." But the way they got it off made him think it was "Sammy." It is taking him a long while to shake off that label.

Help us out, won't you? As "Life" used to run them: "Here's a picture without a title." Kids found a name for even the Mah. The Iron Mask. Why shouldn't a name be found for the Man with the Gas Mask and the tin

## NEW VALOR MEDALS MAY BE CONFERRED

President Has Power to  
Grant Them—Border  
Vets Get Badge

Distinguished service medals, to be conferred on members of the American forces for deeds of gallantry in action and other exceptionally meritorious service, may be granted by the authority of the President of the United States, acting in his capacity as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. A recent opinion of the Judge Advocate General states that the President has the power to provide for such decorations, in addition to those medals now sanctioned by legislative action.

This decision will be of particular interest to the men of the A. E. F., who for many months past have been looking with covetous eyes upon the Croix de Guerre, the Médaille Militaire, and the Legion d'Honneur worn on the breasts of their French compatriots; upon the Victoria Crosses and the D.C.M.s won by their British cousins, and upon the insignia of the Order of Leopold as worn by their Belgian Allies. So far as they knew, the only similar decoration awarded by their own Government was the Congressional Medal of Honor, granted only in the most exceptional cases, and then only by a favorable vote in both houses of Congress.

It has rightly been styled the most difficult to gain of all the decorations in the world, and the man who receives that emblem, inscribed with the word "valor," must have proved himself valorous indeed. Such decorations as the President may authorize will not interfere in any way with the award of the Congressional medal, which presumably will be granted in the same way as heretofore. All future decorations will be in addition to the service badges and other insignia—as for border, Philippine, Porto Rican, Cuban, and Boxer service—which have already been authorized.

By authority of the President, a service badge with ribbon, to be known as

THE STARS AND STRIPES  
ANNOUNCES  
An American News Service—by Cable.  
American Sport—by Cable.  
American News from England—by weekly London letter.  
The whole-hearted co-operation of the American newspaper correspondents in the field with the Army—all to the end that the A.E.F. may have a typical American newspaper of its own.

## WHERE ERRING FEET ATTEND REFORM SCHOOL

Reclamation Camp Rescues the Fallen Arch and  
Gives the Cure to Bunions—and It  
Isn't a Hospital

A not unknown soldier who rests with in a splendid mausoleum in Paris once remarked that an army moves on its stomach. Of course, the great Napoleon was speaking figuratively, with reference to the need for keeping up food supplies. If he had been speaking literally, his remarks would have applied only to extended order skirmish drill, as we Americans know it. But Napoleon, if he had been minded to speak literally, would have said, of course, that an army moves on its feet, as every doughboy knows without being told.

Feet, then, are at the basis of an army's success. Feet have got to be strong and springy and unencumbered by corns and bunions and the like. To be in good condition, feet have got to be watched and tended with the same care that a doting mother expends on a new-born babe. But, if they are not good and strong to start with, feet are not of much use to a mobile army.

At least, that used to be the idea. The affliction of flat-footedness used to be considered as incurable as leprosy. So it was that army recruiting officers instituted the fascinating indoor sport of making the applicant hop, first on one foot and then on the other, the length of a dusty floor (floors in recruiting offices are always dusty, you know). If a man's naked sole, after that pleasing exercise, showed a neat little patch of white about the arch, he was considered foot-flat and acceptable. If, however, his sole was one flat smudge, he was thrown out into outer darkness.

How Flat Feet Got By  
Sometimes, however, army doctors, listening to the impassioned pleas of the flat-footed applicants would now and then relent and pass the men for service with cavalry or light artillery outfits—organizations that are supposed to be easier on the feet than is the hard-trudging infantry. But when cavalry commands were turned into machine-gun commands overnight—and machine-gun commands have to do a good deal of walking and lugging the men thus passed showed up as distinctly out of luck. And sometimes—though this is sacrilegious—flat-footed men got by anyway, just out of sheer perversity.

Feet, feet, feet! After a mushy winter of wetness in France, feet become the sole topic (no, that isn't meant for a pun) of conversation at all doctors' messes; and when doctors talk a mess they always talk shop. Consequently, when they talked nothing but feet at meal time it could be seen that the feet of the army, so to speak, were on their minds; which, with feet shod as they are now, with hobnails and all sorts of things, is an uncomfortable place to have other people's feet.

At length, one amongst the doctors, with gray hair and a kindly face, remarked that something must be done. And this is the marvelous dictum he laid down:

Educating Fallen Arches  
Feet can be educated, just like heads. Feet can be taught to arch neatly and prettily, just as stomachs can be taught to hold themselves in. Feet can be instructed in the art of holding up their bearers and their loads. All feet—within the possible exception of Charlie Chaplin's and the Kaiser's—can be made to walk in the straight and narrow path of duty.

He proposed to establish a foot school. This school was to receive all men whose pedal extremities hindered them in their work. It was, in short, intended to be a sort of House of the Good Shepherd for fallen arches.

He got his school. He was assigned a village in the whereabouts of France, possessing billet accommodations and a drill field. And then the halt and the lame began to pour in.

There weren't so many of them as he had at first expected. Some of them merely needed proper footwear. Some of them needed to wear specially constructed shoes for a while. Some of them needed his full course of foot instruction, known among the medical trade as orthopedic exercises. So they got the course—some of them are still getting it.

But the doctor had bulled more severely than he knew. He discovered that the flat-foot and other bad-foot contingent had been quartered in his village, that there was room for more of the ailing. So he sent out the high sign to his brother doctors to send along those who were curved of spine, and potted of belly, and slouchy of stature, that the crooked might be made straight.

charge of a line officer, and the men under observation and treatment go through a regular routine of line training as far as their conditions allow. Twice a day there are orthopedic exercises for everyone afflicted, but the rest of the time is taken up with such marching as can be done, with bayonet and grenade work and all the rest. In all the drills, however, particular emphasis is placed on correct carriage, on muscular development; and, under the tutelage of a sergeant major of the British forces, loaned for the purpose by the R.E.F., the men have come along remarkably well.

Plan to Catch 'em Early  
The British army has similar camps, or schools, but they are devoted in the main to the work of restoring convalescents to service strength, and are run in connection with military hospitals. The aim of the A.E.F. foot school, on the other hand, is to catch men before they break down, before they go to the front—to prevent rather than to cure. In time, though, it is expected that institutions like the foot school will also have charge of restoring convalescent Americans to health and strength, for the possibilities of developing the foot school idea, as it is called, are literally innumerable. In fact, in time it is planned to have one such school for every Army Corps serving in France, adjacent to the corps replacement camp.

## KNOW HOW TO SILENCE 'EM

It was one big surprise for everyone in the machine-gun company when the Chaplain at last got Butch into the church for Sunday services. Butch is rated a pretty hard hombre—honest, efficient, and faithful as they make them, but not very careful about his language and more than willing to scrap most anyone any time.

The Chaplain got him one day as Butch was splicing some harness for one of the mules. His line was about like this:

"Now Butch, I'm going to ask you to come to church Sunday morning. I know you don't want to, but I want you to come as a favor to me."

"If you were out selling lightning rods you'd at least expect a farmer to put you on his house for a trial, if it wasn't going to cost him anything."

"Now, we've been good friends ever since I came to the regiment, haven't we, Butch?"

Butch admitted they had been. So the Chaplain pursued his advantage: "Good," he said. "Now I'm dealing in an article which I claim will cure a lot of troubles. I'm only asking you to try one sample."

Well, Butch was in church Sunday. The Chaplain had been called away just before services, and a visiting chaplain occupied the pulpit. The rest of the fellows, seeing Butch up in front, were glad to have him with them.

The visiting chaplain looked out over the congregation of freshly-shaved, khaki-clad gunners for some one to lead in prayer.

Somewhat his eyes fastened on red-haired Butch sitting only a few feet away.

The little congregation of soldiers grew tense as they waited for the chaplain to speak. You could just feel he was going to call on Butch.

"Will this young man kindly lead us in prayer?" he asked.

Butch got up. Every eye was on him. Everyone wondered how he'd make out, being called on like that the first time he had been to church in years.

But Butch was equal to the emergency. "Let us have five minutes of silent meditation," said Butch.

## SCORE ONE FOR CHICAGO

New York Crowds to Hear Singer  
She Passed On to Rival  
[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The great musical sensation of New York has been the appearance of the wonderful Italian soprano, Amelita Galli Curci, at the Lexington Avenue Opera House. There has been a tremendous spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm over her performances, which reminds old timers of the receptions accorded to Jenny Lind, Patti and other stars.

This gives Chicago a great laugh on New York. Galli Curci had been singing with the Chicago Opera Company for more than a year past. Chicago hailed her as a soprano conflagration, but New York disbelieved. New Yorkers now stand in line for several blocks to buy tickets.

Galli Curci is twenty-eight years old. She sang in Italy five years ago and then went to South America. She began singing in Chicago for \$300 a night; she now gets \$1,000. Her income this season will probably be \$200,000, within \$50,000 of Caruso's.

## COL. ROOSEVELT BETTER

Country Relieved as He Rallies  
After Operations  
[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The country has been greatly relieved to hear the reports of Colonel Roosevelt's progress toward recovery, after the two operations he underwent recently for abscess of the ear.

The streets leading to Roosevelt Hospital have been thronged with the motors of the ex-president's friends, calling to learn his condition.

The doctors in charge, while admitting that the colonel's case was at one time critical, have constantly voiced their belief that his enormous vitality would pull him through.

## TEA FOR CHINESE LABOR

Chinese laborers who may be on duty with the A.E.F. will get the "Filipino ration" as set forth in the Army Regulations of 1917, with the substitution of tea for the coffee ration contained therein.